

A Room for Five
by Holo

Bashade groaned as he woke up, squeezing his eyes shut against a headache. He tried to rub his eyes to wake himself up, but he couldn't move his arms. This alone was enough to snap the dragon awake, his eyes flashing open. He took in his surroundings as he struggled in his bindings. He was strapped to a wooden chair with his arms tied behind his back. His ankles were fastened to the legs of the chair. The room he was in looked suspiciously like a kitchen, and for all intents and purposes he assumed it actually was. He was tied up at a chair at the head of a dining table, and the room was well lit. He guessed that he might be in someone's home, and he tried to remember how he might have gotten stuck in this situation.

The last thing he could remember was walking home the night before. The moon had been high in the sky, and half-hidden behind a low and chilly cloud cover. Recent road work had forced him down a detour he had never been comfortable with, and the time of night didn't make it any nicer. As he rounded a corner, he was blindsided. A heavy burlap sack was dropped over his head, blinding him, and he felt a sharp pain in his head before everything went dark.

Thinking about him made his head pound again, and a particularly sharp pain throbbed in the spot where he assumed he had been struck. He tried to shake it off, grunting against the throbbing as he tested his bindings again, checking for any slack. They were tight, to his dismay. There would be no wiggling out of them.

"Hey! Anyone there?" he tried calling out. "What do you want? Are you there?" he shouted. His words echoed around the house and bounced off the walls. He stopped and listened, turning his head to tune his ears to every sound he thought he heard. The house creaked and shifted, the same sounds that all houses make when they're silent inside.

Finally, he heard the unmistakable sound of a door swinging open, and then clicking shut. Footsteps scurried along, drawing nearer. Suddenly, voices burst out, loud and clear.

"Yeah, we caught a great looking dragon last night!" one of the voices said.

"Oohh a dragon? Those are my favorite!" another replied.

"He was easy, went down with a single blow. Kinda wimpy, if you ask me." A third voice, Bashade was keeping track.

"Well I can't wait to see him." Four, this was a big group.

"We tied him up in the kitchen, should still be in there." Five.

They all entered the room, still chattering among themselves, giving Bashade time to look them over. A fit, male wolf, a delicate female sparrow, a large and beefy komodo dragon man, a chubby calico cat guy, and a sturdy raccoon lady. They were a diverse group to be sure, but Bashade didn't have time to discern any other information from them before they all went silent and fixed their eyes on him.

"Uh. Hey," Bashade started, mulling his words over. "What do you guys want with me?" he asked, getting to the heart of the matter. The five all looked at one another, and then began to giggle.

"You must be terrified, sorry about that. We were hoping to get back before you woke up," the wolf began. "Don't worry, we're not going to hurt you!"

"Then why did you kidnap me?" Bashade growled, snapping his sharp teeth.

"Sheesh, relax, we just want you to eat us," the sparrow said with a dismissive wave of her wings.

"Wait, you guys aren't serious are you? You're not into that vore thing, are you?" Bashade asked, feeling less threatened, but still plenty anxious.

"We're one hundred percent serious," the raccoon assured him with a flick of her tail.

"Uh, I don't think that's a good idea. I've never done that before, you guys should probably find someone experienced!" Bashade ventured.

"Pffttt," the calico scoffed. "Willing preds are no fun, it's way better when we corrupt someone new!"

The komodo punched the calico in the shoulder to shut him up. "You'll manage."

"Can I at least get your names?" Bashade tried.

"Nope. We can't have you tracking us down after we revive!" The sparrow answered. "You can just call us by our species. It's simple and effective."

"Come on, can I really not talk you out of this? I really- erk!" Bashade was stopped mid-sentence as the wolf grabbed his mouth and held his jaws open.

"I'll go first!" he said, as he pushed his head into Bashade's mouth.

"Have fun in there Wolf," Raccoon said.

Bashade squirmed, trying to thrash despite his bindings. He did everything he could to try to shake Wolf off, twisting and turning in place to try and throw him away, but Wolf was unphased. Bashade could feel his jaw straining, being forced open uncomfortably wide. He was sure he jaw would break as it was forced to open around Wolf's head, but it simply kept stretching. It wasn't a good feeling, but in the absence of the sharp pain of dislocation, it wasn't as bad as it could have been. The dragon clawed at the back of the chair his arms were strapped behind, and his talons raked the tile floor of the kitchen.

Wolf slid in past his shoulders, making Bashade's throat bulge and his scales stretch. He couldn't help himself as he started to swallow reflexively, helping ferry the wolf down into his stomach. The entire experience was uncomfortable, but the worst part was that he actually enjoyed how Wolf tasted. Bashade tried his best to not dwell on that thought as Wolf's feet vanished into the darkness of his throat. His red belly plates distended, stretching and sagging into his lap with an entire, squirming person caught behind them. Bashade burped and groaned, feeling exhausted from having such a huge meal force itself down his throat.

He caught his breath and eyed the others, not knowing how he was going to fit down another four people, but as Sparrow approached, he knew he wouldn't have a choice.

"Open up!" She demanded as she tickled his nose with her hand feathers. Bashade wiggled his snout and tried to turn his head away, but couldn't get away and was coaxed into opening his mouth wide for a sneeze. She grabbed his mouth to hold it open, and jammed her beak down his throat before he could stop her, or even finish his sneeze. His body shuddered at being interrupted, but Sparrow didn't notice. She was too busy sliding her smooth-feathered body down the dragon's slimy throat, eager to meet back up with Wolf.

Her wings fluttered, and her talons kicked against the floor in a series of repeated hops that shoved her a little further each time. Her method was more forceful than Wolf, and for Bashade, even more unpleasant as she crammed herself down. By the time she could no

longer reach the floor she was too deep in for Bashade to hack her back up, and with reluctance, he gulped down her lower half until she too was squeezed into his middle.

Their squirming was an unfamiliar sensation. It wasn't entirely unpleasant, but any particularly forceful shoves made him queasy. He had little time to reflect on this though, as the large Komodo stepped forward.

"Uh. Oh geeze. You're really big," Bashade commented. His seated position only made the lizard seem even larger.

"You're one to talk," Komodo grunted back as he jabbed a finger at Bashade's swollen stomach.

"That's hardly fair!" the dragon protested.

"Eh, neither is this." Komodo pried open Bashade's tired mouth with ease, and slid both of his arms into the dragon's mouth. He was the biggest of the five, and Bashade could feel the difference in his jaws and throat. He winced, eyes watering as the burly lizard pushed his way down Bashade's throat. He was less eager than the previous two, but more forceful and methodical. Bashade couldn't help but get a taste of him too, and he was as oddly delicious as his previous two friends.

Wolf and Sparrow reached up and grabbed Komodo's hands as they entered Bashade's churning stomach. The two of them began to pull, helping drag the big lizard into the straining dragon's insides. Bashade wished his feet were free so that he could at least stomp on the floor, but even that was denied to him. The strain made him whimper as Komodo's hips went down, and Bashade tipped his head up toward the ceiling to try and get Komodo down faster.

Komodo's feet were lifted off the ground, and all at once, the chair that Bashade was strapped to collapsed under his weight. It was reduced to splinters, and consequently freed Bashade from his bindings now that what he was tied too had been broken. Despite the relief this brought, he found that he couldn't get to his feet with the weight of three additional people hanging off of his middle. Two to go.

The chubby calico stepped up next, with a big grin on his face. He placed a hand on Bashade's belly bulge, feeling his friends getting settled just below the scales. "They really picked a winner," he said with a chuckle as he rubbed over Bashade's stretched scales. "I hope your insides are as appealing as your outsides."

"You should find out!" Bashade smirked and grabbed Calico by the wrists, and pulled his forward, stuffing his arms and head into his mouth.

"Augh, what gives? I thought you said you were new to this!" Calico whined as Bashade started to gulp him down. Bashade muffled something around his mouthful of cat, but it was unintelligible. Calico's tail whipped back and forth, and he wiggled his body as he was gulped down, enjoying the ride despite his brief protest. Bashade took time downing the cat. He was easier to get down than the larger Komodo, and Calico's soft stomach was fun to tease with his tongue.

He soon had his fill of toying with the cat, and finished him off, gulping his lower body down and closing his fangs neatly after his feet and tail were secure. He let out another belch and scratched at his wide sides. "I said," Bashade started. "That I had already had three people worth of practice by the time you were up!" He rolled his eyes, and then looked over at the smirking raccoon. "Still want in?"

"You bet." She stepped forward and offered her hand to Bashade, who took it without hesitation. "You sure got used to this fast," she remarked with admiration.

"Maybe it's the whole 'being a dragon' thing," Bashade suggested.

"Maybe, maybe. Who knows!" She snapped her mouth shut as Bashade squeezed her muzzle into his throat. It was a tight squeeze, but one that both he and she were used to by now. The stretch in his body felt pleasant now, devoid of the discomfort he had felt when eating Wolf and Sparrow. He grabbed at Raccoon's body, tugging on her fur to help pull and guide her down his slick throat. Her friends below cheered, their voices muffled through Bashade's scales. They grabbed hold of her as soon as they could, and the four of them pulled, saving Bashade most of the effort of his final meal. She was pulled in as though he was slurping up a spaghetti noodle, her body, legs, and tail all vanishing in one swift, fluid motion.

With his labors complete, Bashade fell onto his back and rubbed at as much of his stomach as he could reach. It groaned with the five people that had packed themselves into it, and they were still alive and kicking in there for the time being. In a few hours they wouldn't be, and they'd come back as good as new somewhere else, but Bashade knew he had at least a full day of digestion ahead of him before he'd be able to walk properly again.

Despite all this, he could help but feel that he might want to try this again, albeit on a scale that wouldn't immobilize him entirely. By the end of it, he had enjoyed it, and wondered what it would be like to try it on his own terms. For now though, immobile and with no sense of where in the city he might be, he settled for taking a nap. He only hoped that his meals would quiet down for long enough for him to be able to sleep them off.